FARM AND CITY.

THE DECLINE OF AGRICULTURE.

Some Facts Gleaned from daily Intercourse with men of Experience.

[Farmers' Friend and Grange Advocate.]

A contempory, who knows from actual experience whereof he affirms, discourses on the above subject in the following fashion:

"There is a great deal more talk about the 'decline of agriculture' than the occasion calls for. True it is that agriculture is declining in certain localities under the control of agriculturists.

"It is also true that if agriculturists fared as well as other producers in the hands of the transportation companies, commission merchants, taxmakers and others they would have less reason to complain then now.

"But to claim that agriculture as a whole is on the downward grade is the 'veriest bosh.'

"Here are some facts gleaned from daily intercourse with men of many business in a great city."

"1. The bent of the average man of middle age working on a salary in New York is toward the country. He has labored for years for a moderate stipend and has accumulated a few hundred dollars. Instinctively his mind turns to the country, and, mind you, he not only desires a house in the country, but he cries for land; not a house but acre, one or more. He realizes that as he gets older he must give way before the younger heads and stronger bodies, and he knows from observation that his savings will do but little toward sustaining a life of leisure in a great city. Potatoes cannot be grown in Broadway.

"2. The average young man who has spent an apprenticeship on the farm, marries and settles down on a farm to work off a $5,000 debt will accomplish his purpose in less time and enjoy better living and health in the meantime than the young man working in the city at an ordinary salary and paying off the same debt on his city home.

"3. The farmer is a producer of the necessaries of life, and so long as there remains those who are so located that they cannot produce their own food, just so long the farmer will be called upon to exercise his calling, with more or less profit to himself.

"4. There are men in New York and other large cities, graduates of colleges, who are unable to earn barely enough to keep body and soul together. There seems no place for them in the hives so greatly overloaded, and they would, and many of them do, gladly take a position on the farm, where they were sure of bread and butter and a place to sleep. We farmers and fruit-growers are ever moaning over what we are pleased to term an overproduction in our wares; if we could but see the fierce competition among men in the larger cities we would realize, as we do not now, what competition and overproduction really means.

"Discontent is the curse of our race, and unfortunately the farmer has more of that vice than is good for him.

"When we learn to see the bright side of our country life as plainly as we think we see the brightness of life in the city, we will be the happier for it."

Life Lost in War.

Dr. Engel, German statistician, gives the following as the approximate cost of the principal wars of the last thirty years: Crimean war, $2,000,000,000; Italian war of 1859, $300,000,000; Prusso-Danish war of 1864, $35,000,000; war of the rebellion—north, $5,100,000,000; south, $2,300,000,000; Prusso-Austrian war of 1866, $330,000,000, Russo-Turkish war, $125,000,000; South African wars, $8,770,000; African war, $12,250,000; Servo-Bulgarian, $176,000,000. All these wars were murderous in the extreme.

The Crimean war, in which few battles were fought, cost 750,000 lives, only 50,000 less than were killed or died of their wounds, north and south, during the war of the rebellion. These figures, it must be remembered, are German, and might not agree precisely with the American estimates. The Mexican and Chinese expeditions cost $300,000,000 and 65,000 lives. There were 250,000 killed and mortally wounded during the Russia-Turkey war, and 45,000 each in the Italian war of 1859 and the war between Prussia and Austria.—San Francisco Post.

Regarded It as a Real Body.

Two old country dames, whom we came across in the churchyard of an ancient country town, were curiously regarding a monumental stone, surmounted by the recumbent figure of a woman several sizes larger than life.

"And so they brought the poor young woman here and laid her a-top o' that there stone! Well, now, who would ever ha' thought it?" said one, laying a half-shrinking hand on the cold, hard image, which she undoubtedly believed to be the veritable body of the long deceased lady, which had been committed to the earth generations ago. By what process she imagined it to have been petrified and enlarged to such a shape it would be curious to discover.—London Tit-Bits.

Live Stock in the West.

West of Missouri and exclusive of Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas and Missouri, the number of cattle is 16,248,667 and their value is estimated at $213,987,569; the number of horses and mules 4,536,080, value $244,775,053; number of sheep and hogs 23,382,782, value $84,594,980; making the aggregate value of horses and live stock $543,357,602. The total product of horses and mules of all the other states is 9,354,030 and their value is estimated at $719,886,085.—Edward Rosewater's Omaha Address.

THE FREE PASS FIEND.

He Makes the Life of a Theatrical Manager Weary.

"This," said a theatrical manager, "is a very pretty town; it ought to have a hall built around it, that might reflect in the sky so that the surrounding countries could see and admire. Between whiles, when you are not being stood up and sandbagged for your money, they stand you up for passes. Upon my honor I was introduced to a man on Monday and on Tuesday he buttonholed me on Fifth avenue and said he would like to come down and see us. 'So you shall, my boy,' said I, 'the box office is open from 9 to 9 and your dollars are always welcome.'

"Another time I was a sort of enforced escort to a young lady who was belated and had missed her friends. I knew her slightly, and, as a gentleman should, offered to see her home. There isn't a blessed relative she has that I haven't passed into this house, and only the other day the young woman met me and said her sister was going to be married, and wouldn't I give her a box, so her brother-in-law-to-be could give a farewell stag party. I dined at a first class restaurant last week, where they serve second class meals, and the clerk, as he struck me for two dollars, remarked, 'You might just as well use the other side of that check to make me out a pass.'

"I chucked an infant under the chin the other day and said it was the living image of its mother. I got a letter from its father the next day asking for two seats at the matinee, 'and please,' he added, 'keep the third chair vacant if you can. Baby is going along, as it is nurse's day out and the little fellow may want to have his mother's knee. Another day in a crowded street car I exchanged my seat for a strap, to which a young lady was holding on. What do you think, she came into my office only this morning and wanted to know if I wouldn't be so 'perlite' as to give her a seat in the theater also. She thought I was so much of a gentleman she didn't mind in the least asking me.

"My pastor begs for passes. My landlady demands them and pays off her milk bill with them. When I treat a man he looks as if he expected a pass at the bottom of the glass. The street car conductor thinks one ought to go with every fare I pay him. Young women present me with roses, wearing a 'won't-you-pass-me-through-the-door' sort of expression, and their brothers walk along the avenue with me and call me 'my boy' and want to know what night 'me and sis' can find a couple of seats. Then they take some other fellow's sister. But for the cock of the cake walk give me a fellow on Fifth avenue whom I asked Monday to send me down some things C. O. D.

"'We don't trust theatrical people at all, my dear sir. We find it doesn't pay.' I wanted the things straightaway and with difficulty made up the sum out of the change in my pocket. The next night the gentleman was at the theater door just as I came forward.

"'I suppose it's all right?' he said.

"'What's all right?' said I.

"'Oh, you know me. You did business with me yesterday. Isn't it all right?'

"I didn't wait to say a word, but I rushed home and for five minutes yelled blue devils up the chimney of my fireplace, after which I went back to the theater and for two hours couldn't break the line of people waiting for passes.

Then the manager, sighing wearily and wiping his perspiring brow, wrote on the margin of a newspaper, "Pass Mr. Jones and party to box." When he finished he whispered: "My best girl's mother's divorced husband, who at the present time is standing in again with the old lady. If things continue blooming there will be a double wedding."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Women Being Recognized in London.

Women are fast obtaining substantial recognition in the governing of London. There are women members of the board of education and various other important bodies, and if women choose there may now be women dock commissioners. In a bill before parliament dealing with the election of dock commissioners, Mr. Courtney, chairman of the committee, took a novel and, as the newspapers describe it, "praiseworthy" step by striking out the words "male persons," so that the franchise might be conferred on women. The promoters of the bill said if ladies might vote they might also become commissioners. "And why not," asked Mr. Courtney, "if they are good business women?"—London Letter.

A Fast Growing Vine.

The Kudzu vine is probably the most rapid growing plant in the world. It belongs to the bean family. The leaves look something like a Lima bean, and was once called Dolichos japonicus. It will grow easily sixty feet in three months. It was introduced into America by the Japanese during the Centennial exhibition. It is said that in its own country it has flowers like bunches of wistaria. For some reason American summers do not seem long enough for it. It rarely blooms.—Meehan's Monthly.

A Beautiful Effect in Mahogany.

A peculiarly fine effect in mahogany is obtained by sawing crotches. A piece is sawed just above and just below a point where two limbs shoot out on opposite sides. When such a piece is properly cut up into veneer the crotches show in beautiful plumelike markings through the middle of each sheet.—New York Sun.

A Comparison.

Judge—What sort of a man, now, was it you saw commit the assault?

Constable—Sure, your honor he was a small, insignificant cratur about your own size, your honor!—Exchange.

Out at Night.

Aunty—How did you catch such a cold?

Wee Niece—Lookin at zee rollybolly-alice.—Good News.

Cruel New York Society.

Whoever should write an analysis of affairs in New York today and should leave out the strain of social ambition would miss the most serious thing in the life of the metropolis. We are apt to think the hardest thing a man can do is to come to New York, establish a foothold and eventually make a fortune, as so many thousands of country boys have done. But my observation is that if you will go to those same men after they have put the city under their feet, they will tell you that what they have accomplished was nothing as compared with what they have yet to do—and that is to get into society. I do not mean McAllister's Four Hundred when I say "society;" I mean polite society of any sort. I mean the entree into any one of a hundred far more desirable circles than McAllister's band of self instituted aristocrats.

The day was when a man had the entree of any such circle if he was a respectable man of any profession or if he was rich. That is the case in the smaller cities today. Any doctor, lawyer, judge or rich man, whose reputation is clean, can instantly gain admission to the nicest circles in the small cities. But he cannot do so in New York. The only sure passport to such circles that I know of in New York today is to be born in such a circle. The next best thing is to boast a commission in the army or navy. The city is old and rich and suspicious of all newcomers. That makes its society the most rigid and cruel in America.—Julian Ralph in Providence Journal.

Why Canned Salmon Is Cheap.

When one comes to think of it it seems quite wonderful that one should be able to buy a pound of salmon in a can from the Pacific coast for twenty-five cents. The frozen fish costs forty cents a pound at least, while the unfrozen article ranges in eastern markets from one dollar up. Besides, the manner in which each can is made to contain a segment of salmon perfectly fitted into it appears most surprising, the bones, even to the larger vertebræ, melting in the mouth without requiring so much as a crunch between the teeth and the red flesh separating in beautiful clean flakes.

Yet salmon would be very much cheaper than at present were it not that the great canners of Alaska have formed a combination to restrict the product. This is unfortunate for consumers perhaps, but lucky certainly for the fish, which would be wiped out altogether within five years at the most if the companies engaged in their capture had a market for all they could produce at profitable rates. The methods employed are the most destructive conceivable, inasmuch as the fishermen stretch seines across the mouths of the rivers and take the fish which are going up the stream to spawn. There is a law against this sort of thing, but it is not enforced. Eventually, doubtless, the supply of this valuable finny game will run out and artificial propagation will have to be resorted to.—Washington Star.

Insomnia and Nervousness.

There can be no doubt that many persons suffer from insomnia which had its origin, or at least its principal strength, in their own nervous apprehension that they are or are about to be afflicted with it. Any one of a dozen causes may induce wakefulness, and yet the person lying in bed with the faculties alert at the moment when they would naturally be expected to be wrapped in slumber has nine times out of ten, or ninety-nine times in a hundred, nothing serious to apprehend. The stomach may not be in quite its normal condition—and there is no more potent cause of wakefulness.

Now an hour—ten minutes even—seems a long time in the middle of the night, when a person wishes to be sleeping and cannot. If a sensation of dread, of apprehension, is allowed to enter the mind, such a period simply becomes interminable. The nervous apprehension increases the difficulty, and feeding upon itself the derangement may quite possibly increase till it becomes a dangerous malady.—Good Housekeeping.

How to Save Money.

Some men plead poverty when they are well off. Gilhooly is one of these. His landlord said to him:

"I want you to pay your rent right off."

"I haven't got any money."

"But you have got to pay it anyhow."

"Now, you look here, if you keep on dunning me for that rent when I've not got a cent do you know what I'll do? I don't like to do it, but you'll goad me to it."

"What will you do?"

"I'll buy me a house for cash and put a stop to this paying by the month."—Texas Siftings.

Silence Unkind Criticism.

"This world could be made better," said Mrs. French-Sheldon with emphasis, "if we would exercise more magnanimity in our judgment of other people's motives, and by devoting ourselves to the accomplishment of some fixed object, ambitious or otherwise, which will give scope to latent qualities and develop new ones, hence tending to break down prejudice by self enlargement. By silencing the unkind criticism which may be provoked and even deserved. By recounting the good rather than the bad even of those inimical to us."—New York World.

Slow Torture.

Teacher—In China criminals are frequently sentenced to be kept awake until insanity and death result. Now how do you suppose they keep them from falling asleep?

Little Girl (eldest of a small family)—I guess they gives 'em a baby to take care of.—Good News.

Glass Made Transparent Quickly.

A method of quickly rendering glass transparent during the process of manufacture consists in forcing into the melted materials a stream of oxygen gas, the enormous heat generated oxidizing all deleterious materials.—New York Journal.